

THE COMPANION

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

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FOR THE EDITOR.

NO. 8.—CONFIDENTIAL COMMUNICATION OF A SYLPH.

*Continuation of an Essay on the influence of the French
Revolution on letters and Science in Europe, &c. &c.*

THE consequences I would draw from the fatal precursors I have just designated, although deduced from the citations, the facts, and the observations that preceded them, can yet be considered but as *probable* and would alone, furnish the subject of vast and curious disquisition—for my own part, from the midst of a gloomy and tremendous vortex, I see the approach of an awful future—I behold her darting bolts of thunder; I hear her pronouncing the dreadful doom of nations! I see her advancing impatient of desolation, and the people of the earth pulverised to ashes, disappearing like dust, beneath the wheels of her fiery car—I shall however no longer dwell on this idea, well convinced that until justified by a terrible reality, it can be considered but as an extravagant *reverie*.

Yet in the space of *twenty years* we have seen so many *reveries* like this deemed extravagant, acknowledged possible only after their rapid accomplishment, that I think it right to seize this opportunity of rendering the attentive observers of the new world, the depositories of my thoughts in order that they may be useful to some, or that they may at least be judged in their season.

And I will venture to add that this season is actually not very distant; and that *it will not be at all astonishing* IF THE PRESENT GENERATION should be destined to be both the witnesses and the victims of these tragical events.

Yes, the celebrated Edmund Burke must have been in-

spired when at the commencement of the French revolution, he said, “I cast my eyes on the map of Europe, I see an immense void, and I recognize the space where once was France.”

Certainly with no less reason, we might now seek in vain for Europe on the globe; since it should seem that the fire of heaven has already consumed it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, and that a cloud of smoke, and the clamours of its crimes alone mark the spot where once it stood.

However much I may feel inclined to turn my eyes from so deplorable a perspective; I cannot yet interrupt the chain of my reflections. I shall here quote, since it will add so much strength to my opinion, that of some authors, of different nations and sentiments, upon the characteristics of the present age, and the approaching state of Europe.

These inauspicious characteristics had so forcibly struck those who had observed them, that a distinguished man of letters in France published the following previous to the year 1764:

“I know not if present evils are exaggerated: *but no century, perhaps, has ever assembled, in a space of less than twenty years, a greater number of calamities than this.* Earthquakes, which have threatened to swallow up Lisbon and Constantinople; wars kindled in the four quarters of the world; the kings of France, of Portugal and of Poland successively assassinated!.....ah! Virgil had at least the advantage of dating his Georgics in an age of glory: *but we !!!*” *

If so much alarm could be already entertained at these presages, how much greater should it have become a little later; when in 1770, the day of the rejoicings which took place at the marriage of Louis XVI. with Maria Antoinette of Austria, twelve or fifteen hundred persons were

* Epilogue to the Dunciad of Palisot, note xi.

drowned, smothered, robbed, murdered or crushed at the moment of the explosion of a sky-rocket, in consequence of the inconceivable confusion that took place amongst the carriages, and the terror which struck the multitude, whilst the cause of this singular catastrophe could never be traced in a satisfactory manner.

However it may be, it is really remarkable, that this tragical event occurred in the very same place, (the square of Louis XV.) where Louis XVI. the Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and so many other thousand victims, were immolated, at the foot of the horrible Divinity, to whom under the name of *Liberty* they had raised a colossal statue on the same pedestal that had borne the image of *Louis the beloved*. It is a circumstance no less singular, that the deplorable remains of these illustrious victims were interred in the same church-yard (of La Madeleine) where had been buried twenty-three years before, the bodies of those who had perished in the first melancholy catastrophe, as well as those after the famous event of the 10th of August 1792, of the seven or eight hundred Swiss, and three or four hundred guards or royalists who were massacred that day, in defending the castle of the Tuilleries, and the person of Louis XVI.

This event of 1770, so well known in France under the name of *Catastrophe of the Square of Louis XV.*; "this event," says Mercier "disturbed all superstitious IMAGINATIONS, with the idea of a fearful future;"* I shall not wait to question the philosophic expressions of the author I have quoted: time has sufficiently demonstrated whether these grievous impressions, were merely superstitious!!!† But such was the style, by which the people were rapidly led to scepticism and from thence to revolution.

After these first misfortunes, which like the trumpet in the apocalypse declared those that were fast approaching,

* Picture of Paris by Mercier, ch. 496...vol. VI. edition of 1782.

† In support of this passage I shall quote the following stanzas, which is the last of an ode written on this tragic event.

Paris, superbe Babylone,
Théâtre infâme et corrompu,
De tous les vices de Sodome
Et des débris de la vertu;
Dans cette affreuse tragédie
Connais la main qui te chatie,
Dépouille un faste criminel,
Implore les Bontés célestes
Et dérobe tes tristes restes
Aux vengeances de l'Eternel.

other events no less remarkable occurred, to announce those still greater which were soon to follow.

Messina and Calabria, experienced in 1783, an earthquake, which destroyed more than 40,000 inhabitants; and in 1788 one year precisely day for day before the epocha of the French revolution, a storm accompanied by the most astonishing hail, ravaged Paris, Versailles and a great part of France almost at the same hour, and the king himself who was surprised in it, was obliged to take refuge in a cottage, and to order his guards to abandon him, and seek for shelter!

If from these physical prognostics, we recur to the rational presentiments of philosophers and men of letters, we shall find that a celebrated lawyer in 1788 says—"All empires in general, all private societies, in fact every individual, from one end of Europe to the other, evidently manifests seeds of fermentation, which menace the most terrible explosions. The 16th century so tempestuous in its whole duration, a period of so many changes and innovations, had not by a great deal, the same principles of commotion which present themselves at the close of the 18th. This period unites all those symptoms which existed previous to it, and many which are peculiar to itself!"

I will venture to add to these digressions the French translation of six latin lines, which were inserted in the *dictionary of illustrious men*, printed at Anvers in 1784 under the article of *Soufflot*. They had been composed on the occasion of the construction of the magnificent edifice, that the learned architect of this name had begun, and which was to have been dedicated to St. Genevieve the patron saint of the kingdom of France; this is the same monument, which without having been yet finished, has been consecrated during the revolution to Jean Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Marat, &c. &c. under the celebrated title of the Pantheon.

Digne de la Cité qui règne sur la France
Séleve à Genevieve un édifice immense,
Piété trop tardive! inutiles honneurs!
Avant qu'il soit fini, dans ce Siecle d'horreurs,
L'Atheisme Ennemi, de tout pouvoir suprême
Du temple et de la ville aura chassé Dieu même!

The opinion which I advance relative to the present state of Europe, is of such a nature that it leads me beyond the bounds which I had at first prescribed to myself, and obliges me to add support to my judgment by authorities which cannot be so easily questioned as mine.

* Annals of Linguet, No. 8, 1788.

*Frederick the second, king of Prussia** said to a French academician speaking of the new style of wit, that was already introduced on the theatre, several years before the revolution. "What a distance between your Buffooneries and Moliere! . . . it seems that you have forgotten the language of your great authors; *it seems even that you no longer understand them* . . . and it is not only by your *theatrical pieces that I judge of your decline*: I find you *equally impoverished in every species of writing* . . . observe with what confidence all your present writers, announce themselves *as great men* . . . For my part I am so disgusted, that I have almost resolved to write to France, and forbid their sending me any thing in future."† In another part, the same monarch places these words in the mouth of one of his interlocutors:‡ "There is at present a sect of men called *Philosophers*, who know nothing of the military art, and who think to render it contemptible by continually speaking ill of it. They even seek to debase every species of art and science, *except that of geometry* . . . there has never been any thing rational, says this rabble, but what we have discovered. *We will change every government*. France must become a republic, and to be a legislator it will suffice to be a geometrician, and to declare that we will establish perpetual peace and *preserve it without an army* . . . §

If already five or six years before the commotions, the terrible effects of which I have just traced, *the decline* of letters and the spirit of faction were so clearly perceived; I would ask every person of candour, what remains to decide on the state of letters and that of politics, after more than seventeen years of phrenzy, of civil and external wars, and of disorders of every nature.

The celebrated Ganganelli,|| had foreseen from afar the approach of these melancholy events. This philosophic pope as well as respectable and enlightened friend of the sciences

* Frederick the great, born at Berlin the 24th of January 1712, died August 12, 1786, aged 74 years.

† See *les souvenirs de vingt ans*, or Frederick the Great, by Dieudonné Thiébault, vol. 1. page 133.

‡ Vol. 6. of the works of the king of Prussia.

§ The great workers of the revolution, placed in the list of their complaints against the ancient establishment, the support of standing armies, and generally the wars, which took place under the monarchy. At present it is seen, how much humanity has gained by their reforms.

|| Clement XIV. predecessor of Pius VI. founder of the clementine museum at Rome. He passed the 21st of July 1773, the famous bull of extinction of the order of the Jesuits. He died of poison the 22d of September the following year.

ces said, speaking of the fatal influence which the doctrine of *philosophy*,

"The child of Gallia's school,
The foul philosophy, that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads, on worthless hearts;
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud."

And the new system of study which already prevailed in the greater part of Europe wrote what follows, forty years before the signal of the ever memorable events of which we have been witnesses:

"They study now only abridgements; provided they have the epidermis or the cloak of science, *they think themselves great doctors*. I do not know where this will lead us; for the sciences like the moon, have also their phases; they increase; continue a moment in all the brilliancy of their lustre, decrease very soon, and sink again into the dark night of ignorance."*

The predictions of these clear sighted persons have not failed of being accomplished. Barbarism very soon took place of the effeminacy in which the nation had fallen for several years; and new bands of *Saracens*† tore up libraries for cartridges, and melted the most precious monuments of bronze to convert them into canon; whilst furious *Iconoclasts*‡ destroyed every image and statue, that might serve as an archive of history. During ten years, the theatres re-echoed only with absurdities, & abominations, with which it is still disgraced. *Tragedy* has become hideous and gigantic; and the corruption of taste, and the obduracy of feeling, have extended to such a degree as to confound *pageantry* with the true tragic, that can exist only in the choice of *characters* and the deep, the strong and masterly manner in which they are drawn. Comedy is low, cold, and insipid; because wit and satire cannot venture to sketch the portrait of any vice, in the fear of being accused of having aimed at vilifying the *powerful* of the day, who amongst them are tainted with every crime.

Style is no longer to be recognised; besides the causes of which I have already spoken, the rage for novels, which is general, diffuses every where an insupportable affectation, &

* Letter addressed to the Prelate Cerati 1749—in the first volume of his letters.

† The Caliph Omar in 637, burnt the celebrated Alexandrian Library which contained no less than 700,000 volumes.

‡ Iconoclasts, or breakers of images, a name given to a sect which arose in the fifth century, against the honours which the Catholics rendered to images and saints, and who destroyed them wherever they found them.

the ridiculous use of the most bombastic & far-fetched expressions. In short the ancient universities so justly celebrated, from whence have proceeded so many great men, can no longer direct taste, since they have sunk into oblivion and are considered by these *butterflies of literature* as old gothic ruins, already consecrated to superstition, or only fit to serve as an asylum, to the gloomy and savage birds of night!

With the exception of mathematics, which the young men study, that they may be enabled to raise themselves above the rank of private soldiers, because a knowledge of this science may open the path to military rank and fit them for many administrative employments; except botany & chymistry, which have become the *mode*; every other course of study is abandoned, or is reduced to a miserable skeleton, which infests society with young pedants and conceited coxcombs; and what is still worse with a swarm of *half-learned*, who are assuming, intractable and of course incorrigible.

And as for *poetry*!... I appeal to all enlightened Europe, to shew me what has been produced in this department of literature worthy of being handed down to posterity.....

.....Except *La Harpe** and the Abbé *Delille*† who after having been more or less proscribed are now no more: except two or three agreeable writers of the second class, I know of no man since the revolution, & in all the territory it has usurped, who has merited the honour of being mentioned. It is true, that like *Theophrastus* I think it is “*facts alone that prove merit*, and not the *clamour of coteries*,” according to the official papers, I am incontestibly in the wrong for if we rely on the authority of fools and cowards, the *present age*, surpasses even the great ages of Augustus and Louis the XIV!‡

If we continue this review, and it is indispensable that we should, that we may not be deceived with regard to the real state of the sciences in Europe; we shall see that the bar requires now in the practitioners of the law, only sufficient memory to retain in their heads, a table of *fifty or sixty thousand decrees*, all indigested, contradictory or retroactive, which have succeeded each other since the year

* The author of the *cours de literature*, so justly esteemed all over Europe.

† This celebrated writer, is the author of the charming poems *des jardins*, *l'homme des champs*, and *la pitie*. He has likewise elegantly translated the *Georgics* and the *Aeneis*, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

‡ This is indefatigably repeated in all the newspapers of France.

1789. We shall see the sanctuary of the laws entirely delivered, with very few and thinly scattered exceptions, to a troop of *Corsairs* dishonoured by their Revolutionary Crimes, and who ought to have approached the throne of Themis, only to have received from her sword the retribution due to their enormities.

Shall I speak of theology and the eloquence of the pulpit!! subjected to the despotic and inquisitorial inspection of a Minister of worship, *what other God can be taught or adored than the Divinity who reigns, and whose name is much more dreaded than that of JEHOVAH!*.....

It is well known that there is no independant body of magistrates; and that the pretended political and representative bodies which do exist, having been instituted only by way of giving salaries to the hungry creatures of government; energy is not required to resist the Supreme Authority with dignity, nor eloquence to influence the opinion of the auditors and the public, since they are as nothing. It suffices then to be sufficiently servile to excel in adulation, to obtain an augmentation of *badges*, or more advantageous promotion in the domestic train of the Sultan!*

When the son of Tarquin the proud sent to ask his advice on the method of preserving the authority which he had acquired amongst the *Gabians*—Tarquin, who was walking in the garden when the deputy presented himself before him, replied only by striking down with his cane the heads of those poppies which were raised above the rest.

Such are invariably the politicks of tyrants to cut down or proscribe every one, capable of feeling indignant at despotism, or of attracting the public attention, or, in short, of constituting the hope of a country. It is thus that there remains only a crowd of oppressors and oppressed, each surpassing the other in villainy: it is thus that despotism and usurpation fearing justly the exertion of reason, are born the enemies of knowledge.

And when national spirit, and the spirit of opposition are thus destroyed on every side; what power can *criticism* retain to *correct manners*, and to oppose itself to the degradation of taste, when every thing now the *rage* is but *cabal*; when every sensible or generous thought is indignantly proscribed or mutilated by despots, whose apprehensions can permit them to suffer around them, only

* The *Ex-Marquis*, de la Fayette, in one of his official letters in 1791, gave the delicate title of *Chef de la Domesticité de Chez le Roi*, to the Duc de Villequier, first gentleman of Louis XVI. In making use of this expression, it will be judged under which circumstances it is most correctly employed.

impotent and despicable Eunuchs, alike incapable of giving umbrage and of leaving posterity.

Thus to whatever side we direct our attention, we every where discover proofs equally striking of the *dissolution of the social body*, and the extinction of knowledge on the ancient continent.

M. A.

(To be continued.)

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From an European Periodical Publication.

### STORY OF LYSANDER AND EUMENES.

BY SOLOMON SAUNTER, ESQ.

In a rainy journey, in a post-chaise, the other day, I amused myself with tracing many analogies between the progress of human beings through life, and that of the drops of rain from the top of the glass to the bottom. It was fortunate for me, that this idea presented itself to my mind; for the rain was so violent, that it precluded all entertainment from without: but the speculation I had thus engaged in, offered me sufficient occupation within.

I observed certain drops start from the top with equal advantages. An accident impedes one, and its course to the bottom is slow, irregular, and crooked: another, on the contrary, is forwarded by some lucky accession, and rolls down in a swift, straight, current; while a third, perhaps, that seemed to have a thousand prosperous events in its way, which it was scarcely possible to miss—a large bubble immediately beneath it, which must send it speedily to the end of its journey; or, a new drop of rain so close to it, that it could hardly fail of joining its current—falls in with a small-drop to the left hand of its regular course, is retarded, turned aside in its career, and reaches no farther than to the middle of the pane, where it dries up in obscurity! Another sets out brilliantly, and promises to perform its journey in a straight and regular line; when, behold, an overwhelming torrent pours precipitately on it, and buries it in a superior current! while a fifth, with small and unobserved beginnings, by never deviating from the right way, and collecting with diligence all the little tributary bubbles which lie in its road, suddenly calls the attention to the rapidity with which it now reaches the end of its labours.

Many fanciful resemblances might here be traced, to the course of events in life. Chances, equally strange, occur in the pursuit of honour, riches, and happiness. In events which depend not on our own endeavours, we may trace the same similitudes. One is hurried rapidly off the stage,

by disease;—another withers, and dies at root, in the midst of life;—another lingers through slow and lasting disorders, and reaches, by a painful and crooked course, the extreme of old age;—while another, who sets out with a full stock of health, and every prospect fair and blooming around, is suddenly driven off the stage by accident or misfortune.

Eumenes and Lysander were school-fellows. A similarity of age, of disposition, and of talent, had united them in a strict and affectionate friendship. They went through their school exercises with alacrity, and credit; and removed, together to Cambridge: where, notwithstanding, some trifling disparity of pursuits, their mutual friendship still continued unabated. When they quitted Cambridge, however, they lost sight of each other.

Lysander, who was intended for the law, removed to chambers in Lincoln's Inn; whence, after eating the proper quantity of mutton, he was called to the bar, and went the Western Circuit. He had studied hard, and rose to some degree of consideration among his compeers: nor was he only eminent as a counsellor; he shone, also, in the more alluring courts of fashion and elegance. He was universally allowed to be the best partner, of any member of the Circuit; and, after two or three revolving seasons, he brought back with him to London the fair daughter of a wealthy banker in the west of England. His patrimonial fortune enabled Lysander to support a family. He took a good house in Queen Square; and regularly attended the Courts, and the Circuits; while his beloved Leonora presented him with a babe every year.

Business now flowed in apace; his hours were all employed, and scarcely ever had he a moment to enjoy the company of his wife and children: however, he consoled himself with the reflection, that money came as fast as business; and, that Heaven certainly ordained him a few years of severe toil, that he might enjoy the evening of his days in peace and indolence.

It was with Lysander, however, as with most men: the desire of accumulation, increased with the power. When he had laid by a sufficient fortune to support his wife and children, genteely, after his death, & to enable him to live the rest of his days in peace & indolence; he thought, that he might as well leave them affluent as comfortable, and two more years of application would accomplish this object. He was now a judge and presided one year on the Northern Circuit.

As riches had increased, Lysander had grown luxurious; and had experienced the natural consequences of luxury—gout, and corpulency. His medical advisers re-



commended more exercise than a chariot ; and he agreed to ride part of the circuit on horseback, derogatory as it might appear to the dignity of a Judge : but he considered that health was worth more than dignity ; and that, as his chariot would be on the road, his importance would still be preserved.

One morning, when a cloudless sky gave promise of a day without rain, Lysander sent his carriage forward betimes, and determined to ride the whole stage, which was, indeed, romantically beautiful. All things, however, are uncertain, in this best of all possible worlds ; and nothing more so, than the weather. Some thin vapours dispersed themselves over the sky : they congregated ; they became an immense mass of clouds ; and, in the middle of a large common, Lysander perceived that they would speedily fall in torrents. What a misfortune ! for a rich gouty Judge, who had his chariot at some distance on the road, to be overtaken by such a storm, in so unsheltered a spot ! There was no help for it, however ; and the clouds were unpolite enough to keep their promise. A few prelusive drops gave the first alarm. Lysander mounted a thick great-coat ; but coverings were but as gauze, before the fury of the squall : he was presently wet to the skin, and the uncivil sky looked as if it never intended to clear any more. Nor was there any town, village, or even habitation, within ken.

At length, after riding some time, greatly annoyed by the fickleness of our English climate, but unable to think of any remedy for it, except never venturing on horseback without the chariot at his side, he saw a low, white cottage, peeping through the trees ; and ordered his servants to hasten forward, and obtain a shelter for him there. He soon followed his attendants ; and entered the cottage, with an air of conscious superiority : pulling off his drenched garments ; and demanding some covering, while these were dried. The man, woman, and three or four young people, bustled about with alacrity. The judge was soon equipped with some dry habiliments ; coarse, indeed, but clean, and whole. A comfortable fire was made up ; the soaked garb of dignity was hung before it ; a table was set forth, covered with a clean white cloth ; and a loaf of household bread, a pat of butter, a slice of cheese, and a jug of ale, set on it. The civility was extreme, and the welcome undoubted : so Lysander—who, in spite of his dignity and his drenching, found himself hungry—drew near to the table ; eat some of the bread ; thought it excellent ; added butter and cheese to it ; felt more appetite than he had often experienced at a loaded table : and, in short, made an excellent meal. He then would have

sent his servants, to fetch his chariot, and some of his own cloaths ; but the master of the cottage said, they might also be hungry, and bread and cheese would not detain them long.

(To be continued.)

## VARIETY.

### ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

King Henry would have his children call him *papa*, or *father*, and not *sir*, which was the new fashion introduced by Catharine de Medicis. He used frequently to join in their amusements ; and one day that this restorer of France, and peace maker of all Europe, was going on *all-fours* with the dauphin, his son, on his back, an ambassador suddenly entered the apartment, and surprized him in this attitude.—The monarch, without moving from it, said to him, “ *Monsieur l’ambassadeur*, have you any children ? ” “ Yes, sire, replied he ; ” very well, then I shall finish my race round the chamber.

### ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

A detached party under the duke of Marlborough, having fallen in with a party of the French, took them prisoners.—When they were brought into the camp, and the duke rode along the lines, the French appeared very much dejected at the defeat, except a tall grenadier, who assumed more the air of a conqueror than of a captive. The duke, struck with his appearance, rode up to him and said—“ If the king your master had 50,000 such brave fellows as you, we should find enough to do in the Netherlands.”—“ The king my master, replied he, “ does not stand in need of 50,000 such as *me*, he only wants *one* man like *your grace*.” Upon which the duke immediately presented him with ten guineas, and an escort to the French army.

In order to deceive a woman who was distinguished by a remarkable volubility of tongue, though, in other respects, not deficient in sense, a person was introduced to her as one who was endowed with an uncommon portion of wit. The lady received him with every demonstration of joy, and every mark of politeness ; but through extreme eagerness to render herself agreeable, she asked him an hundred questions without perceiving that he returned no answer. At the conclusion of the visit, being asked how she liked her new acquaintance, she answered, “ He is indeed a delightful man ! his wit is so ready, and so exquisitely turned ! ” At this exclamation, the whole company burst into a loud laugh ; for this charming companion, this distinguished wit—was *dumb*.



When Dr. Johnson had delivered the last sheet of his folio Dictionary, Mr. Millar, his book-seller, in return, sent him the following note: "A. Millar's compliments to Mr. Samuel Johnson, and thanks God to find he has quite done with him." To this the doctor immediately returned, "S. Johnson's compliments to Mr. A. Millar, and is very glad to find he has the grace to thank God for *any thing!*"

A Gentleman well known in the *literary world*, having become possessed of property, nobody knows how, had lately a concert at his house; wishing to be thought a man of taste, though he knows nothing of music, when looking over one of the performers, who had his violin *under his arm*—"Why don't you play?" said he. "Sir," said the musician, pointing with his bow to the book, "here are so many bars of *rest*." "Damme, what do you mean by *rest*? I pay you to *play*, not to *rest*."

A Gentleman in Norfolk, some short time since, walking over his estate, observed one of his tenants erecting a small building at the back of his house; and as the measure appeared to be singular, he asked its purpose. "Why, Sir," said the farmer, "a friend of mine, lately arrived in London, from beyond sea, has promised me an *elephant*, in return for some hare and birds I lately sent him. Here, Sir, is the letter." On perusing it, however, the gentleman instantly discovered the fallacy of John's building rage; for it appeared that, instead of an elephant, his friend meant to return him an *equivalent*.

During a late plague in the dominions of the Dey of Algiers, an officer, traversing the streets in the night, heard a great disturbance in a house belonging to an Englishman, whose wife was turning every thing topsy turvy. The officer, as usual when he gave information of an infected house, the next day caused the door to be marked, previous to its being nailed up by authority. This alarming the Englishman, he remonstrated to a superior magistrate; and, on being confronted by his antagonist, offered what appeared to be the most irrefragable proofs, that he had not the least symptoms of the plague in his habitation. The officer being asked what he had to say in opposition to these assertions, replied, that when he was at the door, the man's wife was not only scolding, but beating him; and if a house could be said to have a greater plague, he would be content to suffer the imputation due to one who had made a false accusation!

*Epitaph on Hogarth, by David Garrick.*

Farewell, great painter of mankind,  
Who reach'd the noblest point of art,  
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
And thro' the eye correct the heart.  
If genius fire thee, reader, stay:  
If nature touch thee, drop a tear:  
If neither move thee, turn away;  
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We find with regret that the *SPY* has entirely abandoned us. We flattered ourselves with the hope that we should have found in him a valuable correspondent.

We have many apologies to make for the frequent instances of incorrectness in the confidential communication of a *SYLPH*—But when it is considered that the entire arrangement of the *Companion* depends on *one alone*, and that whether the editor is grave or gay, whether visions of hope and pleasure play before her imagination, or she is sunk into despondence and beset with a whole legion of *blue devils*, the printer, like her evil genius, still pursues her at the stated period, and the selections must be made, and the proofs must be corrected, and of consequence, "The *Safe Companion* and the *Easy Friend*," must sometimes, as well as *safe* and *easy* be *sad* and *soporific*—however, we propose shortly making some alterations in our plan. We have assurances of ample assistance, and from a multitude of counsellors, we hope to derive wisdom, and from a bright constellation of belle esprits that have promised to lend us their aid, we shall certainly often derive wit.

The length of the essay that at present occupies the greater part of our pages, may be objected to by many, but when our readers consider the importance of the subject, and that it is impossible to treat it with brevity, we trust that they will find in its object an apology for its prolixity. The *Sylph* will very soon resume his gayer flights, and will again sport in the lighter regions of fancy.

*Errata, in the last number.*

Page 378 for "inoculated whether or no," read, they had forced upon. Page 381, for "persecution," read, presumption.

DOCTOR CRAWFORD is desirous of receiving as a pupil a young man of good education, and in such circumstances as will enable him to prosecute his studies on an extensive plan. A well furnished library will afford an ample opportunity for his acquiring medical knowledge.



## FOR THE COMPANION.

*In Vindication of the Poems signed Della Crusca on  
Reading Gifford's Baviad and Mæviad.*

Why urge the unskill'd muse to praise  
The elegance of Della Crusca's lays?  
Why dare her to avow his fame,  
And impious cry—"Oblivion seeks his Name!"  
What tho' the pedant scorns his verse  
And strives to seize the laurels he has won,  
Genius shall long his deeds rehearse  
And weep and mourn her fav'rite gone.  
Was it not herself that spoke  
Upon the plain of Fontenoy?  
Sure 'twas her eloquence the silence broke  
When on the rough rock's giddy height,  
He mus'd on time's neglected flight,  
And wept departed joy.  
When love inspired his breast  
And all the phrenzy of the passion prest  
On his disorder'd, yet enraptur'd mind—  
If then his muse  
Suffered light nonsense to diffuse  
Her cobweb o'er the glowing line  
And half obscure the verse divine  
Know 'twas the true effect of love and genius unconfin'd.  
Cold and insensate must that bosom be,  
That thrills not at his fervid song:  
If hap'ly such—O listless mortals flee,  
And leave the captious throng:  
For who could Della Crusca's verse disprove  
Can never, never feel the joys of love.  
Humanity with purest ray  
Beams o'er the energetic lay,  
When for the "Slave" he forms his verse,  
And the full soul his solemn truth's rehearse,  
Who does not feel them throbbing at his breast,  
Who will not cry with him, "the negro shall be blest."  
Of learning long he trod the sacred shade  
And his fine taste display'd,  
The never dying beauties he explor'd:  
Beauties with which his mind was stor'd.  
Let Gifford, write his censuring strains  
So long as sensibility remains,  
So long as feeling—taste—and love are known  
Will Della Crusca hold his envied throne.

LAURA.

The following noble song by Burns, might inspire even  
a coward's heart with a glow of martial fire.

*Scene...A field of Battle...time of the day, evening...the  
wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed  
to join in the following song.*

Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies  
Now gay with the bright setting sun;

Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,  
Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
Go frighten the coward and slave;  
Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,  
No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,  
Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;  
Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark,  
He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hands,  
Our king and our country to save—  
While victory shines on life's last mingling sands,  
O! who would not rest with the brave!

The following lines were written by Anacreon Moore on  
leaving Philadelphia.

Alone by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd  
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;  
But far, very far, were the friends that he lov'd,  
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh!

O Nature! though blessed and bright are thy rays,  
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,  
Yet faint are they all to the lustre, that plays  
In a smile from the heart that is dearly our own!

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain  
Unblest by the smile he had languished to meet;  
Though scarce did he hope it would sooth him again,  
Till the threshold of home had been kist by his feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,  
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a name,  
And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,  
That they found in his heart something sweeter than fame!

Nor did woman—O woman! whose form and whose soul  
Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue;  
Whether sunn'd in the tropics, or chill'd at the pole,  
If woman be there, there is happiness too!

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny,  
That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long,  
Like eyes he had lov'd was her eloquent eye,  
Like them did it soften and weep at his song!

Oh! blest be the tear, and in memory oft  
May its sparkle be shed o'er his wandering dream!  
Oh! blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,  
As free from a pang ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone...but he will not forget,  
When at home he shall talk of the toil he has known,  
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,  
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone!